The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 61 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 47.....NO. 16,414

POLICEMEN.

DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER WALDO.

"In London," says Deputy Police Commissioner Waldo, just returned from a foreign tour of inquiry, "the 'bobby' is considered as a paid servant, looking out for the interests of everybody. In New York, too many people seem to have a different idea of a policeman."

In London, for instance, the lifted finger of an officer secures instant obedience to a rule for the conduct of street traffic. In New York, several days recently have witnessed the arrest of more than a hundred drivers for wilful violation of the regulations.

That traffic rules are excellent in the interests of orderliness everybody knows. That they benefit drivers as much as anybody, the drivers themselves know. The spirit of obstinacy in which they are violated is akin to that in which some men are said to tell lies when the truth would serve them better.

The offending drivers are but manifesting in their own way, however, a feeling of antagonism toward members of "the force" which is unaccountable, inexcusable and far-reaching.

When New York's policemen are on parade the city's voice speaks undivided praise for the appearance of the companies in blue. Next day, a citizen who has been loud in enthusiasm over the marching spectacle lends ready ear to an unsupported story of a police "outrage," or grumbles in resentment because the officer on his block has very properly invited him and a sidewalk-blocking group of gossipers to "move on."

As for the policeman to whom performance of duty has brought the peril of his life—he may wait for the reserves, if he can last so long. Why should those bystanders "mix in" who happen merely to be a part of the populace whose lives and property the man in uniform has sworn to protect faithfully?

New York's "different idea of a policeman" involves many things. It touches upon politics and graft, both of which have undoubtedly wrought mischief in the force. It comprehends occasional abuses of authority, proved to the satisfaction of the courts. It holds the recognition of a force mightily impressive as a whole, when the bands play at the heads of the divisions.

Strange that it works so often against even such plain help to the officer plainly intent on duty as would lie in a strict citizenly regard for the rules of peace, safety and good order.

GREAT FALLS AND THE MILKERS.

On a farm near Medina there is a boy who milks thirty-two cows in five minutes. He does this by means of a machine run by electricity generated by the Falls of Niagara.

Water is the legendary friend of the milkman. In this case, nevertheless, it throws four men out of a job which would hold them for at least an hour.

These are up-the-State dreams of days soon to come when the current from Niagara will supply the energy to milk all the cows from the Falls to Syracuse, 150 miles away.

Perhaps the press agent of the power company timed the milking wrong at Medina. But there seems to be a call for the saving of the great cataract which the walking delegate of the dairy helpers would do well to heed.

Back from Paree.

By J. Campbell Cory.

Edible Coal.

DR. EMILE FISCHER, who four years ago won the Nobel prize for chemistry, has discovered, he declares, that coal is edible. He has been making an extract of coal, and finds that this extract has the same nutritive qualities as are possessed by beefsteak and eggs.

A Royal Headdress.

A QUEEN of ancient Egypt wore over the light blue head-covering fashionable for her sex an elaborate headdress in place of a crown. This was made in the form of some symbolic animal, or else it bore a symbol—a bird, the heads of serpents or the horns of oxen.

The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 7.—NERO, and the Persecution That Made a New World-Power.

A RED-HEADED BOY, scarcely more than a child in years, handsome and gorgeously dressed, stood receiving the humble salutations of the Roman Senate one day in 51 A. D. Nearby, forgotten and unnoticed, stood a plainly attired lad. The red-headed youth was Nero, newly adopted son of his great-uncle, Claudius, Emperor of Rome. The other boy was Britannicus, only son of Claudius and rightful heir to the throne. The strange muddling of the two lads' true position was due to Nero's mother, Agrippina.

Nero was grand-nephew of Claudius. He was brought up as a child in poverty and neglect. But when weak, vacillating old Claudius mounted the throne Agrippina won the Emperor's half-imbecile affections and persuaded him to divorce his first wife and marry her. She then promptly poisoned the deposed wife and concentrated all her wiles into cajoling Claudius to declare Nero his heir instead of Britannicus. Having induced the Emperor to make such public pledge and to compel the Senate to accept Nero as future Emperor, Agrippina poisoned Claudius and declared the sixteen-year-old Nero Emperor. Later Britannicus was also killed to make the new ruler's claims more secure.

Early Promise and Later Crimes.

The first five years of the young monarch's reign were ideal. Guided by his mother, he made kind and righteous laws, conciliating the people and the army and giving promise of a golden era for Rome. Nero, coached cleverly by his crafty old tutor, Seneca, showed forth only the loyable, kindly side of his nature, his violent temper, selfishness and evil propensities being wisely curbed. He was looked on as a model sovereign. But as time went on he grew impatient at his mother's stern rule and longed to be absolute master. Her guidance irritated him. The two clashed repeatedly, and at last Nero proved himself Agrippina's true son as well as an instrument of "poetic justice" by having his mother assassinated.

Now, freed from all restraint, the man's true character asserted itself. He plunged into wild excesses, performing in the arena as a common charioteer, declaring himself the foremost singer and poet of the world, and treating the populace to original songs and plays. When any sought to check his mad whims he wasted little time or scruples in arranging for the offender's death. His wife, Octavia, was thus put out of the way, as in time were Seneca and other famous Romans. He had married an unscrupulous patrician woman, Poppaea by name, divorcing her from Otho, her first husband, who later amply avenged himself for the outrage. Poppaea urged Nero on to fresh crimes and dissipations, until at last he had so far exhausted every pleasure as to yearn for some absolutely new sensation. It was then that the idea occurred to him to set fire to Rome and to compose a grand epic song upon its destruction.

He followed out this barbarous plan with such success that three-fourths of the city was soon in ashes. He is said to have played impromptu melodies on his violin as he watched the destruction. He had at last found a new and pleasant recreation: the sight of his people's homes and livelihood consumed before his eyes. But he had gone a step too far for his own safety. The people, who had patiently borne his former caprices, were furious at this wanton cruelty. Rebellion was threatened. To appease them the frightened tyrant hit on a scheme that has made his name a term of loathing through all ages.

He declared that the Christians had set fire to the city, and, by way of punishment, murdered them by hundreds, hoping thus to shift the blame of the conflagration from his own guilty shoulders. It had always been Rome's policy to respect the religions of her conquered provinces, thereby pacifying the people of such lands and averting religious uprisings. But Nero saw no need for following out this plan as regarded the Christians. They were a sect of poor, uninfluential folk, representing no one land, and thus presenting no dangers of a possible insurrection. They had no mortal ruler nor kingdom; no opportunity to retaliate for wrongs done them. Their creed also commanded forgiveness of injuries and forbade vengeance.

Persecution of the Christians.

Thus they were safe victims for the imperial despot. He declared they were sorcerers, murderers, atheists, conspirators against Rome. They were hunted out from the underground passages, or catacombs, whither they had fled for safety, and were slaughtered in the most horrible manner. Nero is even said to have dipped Christians in tar and oil, then to have bound them to poles, set fire to them and used them as human torches to light the mad all-night orgies in his palace gardens.

But, by the very tortures and oppressions to which he subjected its believers, the new Faith endured and gained strength. The blood of its martyrs, the sufferings of its followers served only to fan its early, feeble spark into a light that was destined to illumine the whole world, until the once despised and crushed religion wholly superseded the Roman heathenism that had sought to destroy it, and made its centre of government, by a strange irony of fate, in the very city where its first terrible persecutions had been enacted.

Nero's course was well-nigh run. In spite of his pretext that the Christians had set Rome afire, the people grew to hate him. He murdered Poppaea, and in a fit of remorse, plunged into newer crimes. Conspiracies and rebellions abroke up all over the empire. Otho at last marched against the tyrant who had robbed him of his wife. With him was Galba, Governor of Spain. Nero fled for his life, and, seeing himself on the point of capture, committed suicide, dying at the age of thirty, after concentrating into fourteen brief years of rulership the crimes and dissipations of a whole lifetime.

To-day he is chiefly remembered, not as poet or Emperor, or even as debauchee, but by reason of his sin against the Christians and for the miraculous effect of his insane, futile effort to efface them from the earth.

THE FEMALE SHERLOCK HOLMES

Adventure No. 3.—The Third Customer and the Jade Idol.

Hagar of the Pawnshop.

By Fergus Hume.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

Hagar Stanley, a beautiful gypsy girl, keeps her deceased uncle's pawnshop in London, pending the return of his missing son, James Dix. A disreputable lawyer, Vark by name, tells her James is identical with a red-haired half-gypsy named Goliath, to escape whose persecutions she has fled from her tribe. Eustace Lorn, a young man in poor circumstances, falls in love with her. She sends him on a quest to find James that she may turn over to the latter her uncles fortune. Lorn departs and, for the time, she hears no more of him.

CHAPTER I.

HAGAR was a shrewd, clear-headed girl, who, having been educated in the hard school of Dix, knew the value of money and the art of driving good bargains. Otherwise she was uncultured and uneducated, although, to speak truly, she had a considerable knowledge of pictures and china, of gems and silverware. But a schoolboy knew more than she did as regards bookish information. She was ignorant of geography, as that science had been taught neither in the gypsy camp nor in the Lambeth pawnshop. China was to her—warm, and not a vast empire of the East. But when the third customer came to pawn an idol of sea green jade, Hagar learned something concerning the Celestial kingdom.

The man was a sailor, with a coarse face reddened by wind and salt water, and two twinkling blue eyes, which peered at her shrewdly from under shaggy eyebrows. He had strong white teeth, which glistened through a heavy mustache, a head of fair curly hair, and a heavily built figure well supported on stalwart legs. His rough trousers of blue serge, his black pilot jacket with brass buttons and his gaudy loose cravat were all redolent of the ocean wave. Rings of gold in his large red ears added to his queer aspect, and he rolled into the shop like one to whom the firm earth is strange after the swinging and pitching of a ship.

This mariner cast uneasy glances over his shoulder as he entered the shop, and finally swung into one of the sentry boxes like a vessel coming to anchor. Here he took off his gold-banded cap and wiped his rough brow with a red handkerchief of Chinese silk. Hagar, with her hands resting lightly on the counter, waited for him to speak, and was rather surprised when he still kept silent and still continued to glance over his shoulder in the direction of the door. Finally she lost patience.

"Well, what can I do for you?" she asked sharply.

The mariner leaned across the counter and spoke in a hoarse voice like the roaring of waves. "Nathaniel Prime is my name, miss," he said, almost in a whisper, "Nat for short, and I'm third mate on board a tea ship as trades from Hongkong to London's port and back agin."

"Well, Mr. Prime," said Hagar, as he paused, "what do you want?"

Nat pulled a small parcel wrapped in a blue check handkerchief out of his pocket, and plumped it on the counter. "I've a small article here, miss, as I wants to lodge with you fur safe keeping."

"Oh," said Hagar, adapting this speech to her own ideas, "you want to pawn something. What is it?"

"It's Kwan-tai—that's what it is, miss."

Hagar drew back. "What gibberish are you talking?" she asked, frowning.

"Chinese," replied the mariner promptly. "Kwan-tai is the god of war in China, miss. This"—he unrolled the handkerchief and displayed a particularly ugly idol—"is his image. I got it from his temple in the street of the Water Dragon in Canton. Jest look at it, miss—but wait a bit." He rolled back to the door, stepped out onto the pavement and looked to right and left. Apparently he was satisfied with this survey, for with a complacent whistle he returned to continue the conversation. "I thought that blamed Chinaman might be after me," said he, slipping a plug of tobacco into his capacious mouth; "he'd knife me like pie to get that —— thing there."

"Knife you, man! What do you mean?"

"Why," said Mr. Prime, "this China devil—Yu-ying is his name—wants to git that there god; so, as I don't want a bowie exploring my inside, I think it's good biz to leave it with you fur safe keeping."

Hagar put down the idol and stepped back. "So you want to transfer the danger to me?" she said dryly. "No, thank you; take that ugly thing away!"

"Now, don't you make any mistake, miss," said Nat, pushing back the idol in his turn. "Yu-ying don't know as I'm on this lay. All I wants is to leave Kwan-tai in this here shop for a week. There ain't no danger in that."

Hagar picked up the god again and considered. It was a revoltingly ugly figure carved out of green jade, and had diamonds for eyes, crossed legs and two large fan-like hands resting on a protuberant stomach. Not a desirable article to possess, save as a curiosity; but no doubt it had some sacred significance in the almond eyes of Yu-ying; hence his desire to obtain it, even at the cost of a man's life. For a moment or two Hagar hesitated as to taking Kwan-tai in pawn; but as there seemed to be no immediate danger, and might not be any, she resolved to trade. Hagar was so far Hebraic that she never lost the chance of making a bargain; but then, according to some folk, the Romany are one of the ten lost tribes.

"I'll give you thirty shillings on it," she said abruptly.

"Thirty bob it is," assented Nat, promptly, "as all I want is to leave this 'ere idol in your diggings for safety. If 'twas pawning, I guess thirty quid 'ud be nearer my price. I reckon that there piece of jade is worth two hundred pound."

"I don't know the market value of jade," retorted Hagar impatiently. "All my business with you is to lend money on the thing. It's thirty shillings or nothing."

"Don't I tell you it's a deal?" said Mr. Prime, shifting the quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth. "Give us a scratch of the pen to say as you've got Kwan-tai in charge."

"Name and address?" demanded Hagar, making out the ticket.

"Nathaniel Prime, mariner, No. 20 Old Cloe street, Docks," said the sailor. "It's a pub, y' know, miss—the Nelson. I'll stand you a drink if you looks me up, and proud to do it fur a slap-up gal like yourself."

"Here's the ticket and the money, Mr. Prime. "If that's all your business, get out, sharp!"

"Sharp's the word," said the obedient mariner, slipping the thirty shillings into his pocket, "and if Yu-ying comes smelling 'round here just you up anchor and steer fur me at the Nelson. I'm the bad man from the back of beyond when that heathen's about."

Mr. Prime nodded in a friendly way to Hagar and rolled out of the shop door. She heard him singing a chanty as he left Carby's Crescent, and it was only when the roar of his lusty voice died away that she bethought herself of the diamond-eyed idol. Kwan-tai was a very ugly deity but curious and attractive in his way. So, for the furtherance of business and to see if there was any truth in Nat's story about Yu-ying, the girl placed the Chinese god in the shop window. He smiled as complacently there, out of his almond eyes, among the dusty wrecks, as formerly he had beamed on his worshippers in the street of the Water Dragon in far Canton.

He Swore Volubly for Ten Minutes.

Now if there be one vice above another which ruins the female sex it is that of curiosity. Here was Hagar, told a surprising fact concerning the idol Kwan-tai, and at once she resolved to test if Nat's story was true. By putting the jade god in the window she afforded Yu-ying a chance of seeing it; and then, if he wanted to possess the talisman—as apparently it was—she expected that he would enter the shop and offer to purchase it. Not for a moment did she think that he would kill her or even attempt her life. That statement she believed to be an embellishment of Prime's to adorn his queer story.

"And I don't believe a word of it," said the doubting Hagar. "However, the jade idol is exposed in the shop window, and we will see what will come of it."

Greatly to her surprise, trouble came of her folly, and that speedily. At noon the next day she was eating her simple dinner in the back parlor, with the door leading into the shop open so that she might hear the approach of possible customers. Most of the inhabitants of the crescent were within doors at the midday meal and the little square was quite deserted. Suddenly Hagar heard the crash of glass and sat paralyzed for the moment in sheer astonishment at the unusual sound. When she recovered her wits and the use of her limbs she ran rapidly into the shop and beheld the warning of Nat Prime verified to the letter. The middle pane of the shop window was broken and the jade idol was gone. With an ejaculation of surprise Hagar sprang to the door and saw a blue-bloused figure racing down the narrow street which led to the thoroughfare.

"The Chinaman! The Chinaman!" cried Hagar, giving chase. "Thief! Stop—stop—thief! Yu-ying! Yu-ying!"

Followed by a crowd, which had collected like magic in answer to her cries, Hagar sped as lightly as a deer down the alley. But she was no match for the Chinaman. When she reached the crowded street Yu-ying—as it doubtless was—could not be seen. She appealed to the bystanders, to a stolid policeman, to the cab drivers, but all to no purpose. Certainly they had seen the Chinese thief flying out of the Carby Crescent cul-de-sac, but no one had taken particular notice of him. Hagar ran this way, that way; looked, questioned, considered; all in vain. Yu-ying had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up, and with him the jade idol of Nat Prime. Blaming herself for her incredulity and headstrong folly in putting Kwan-tai into the window, Hagar returned crestfallen to the pawnshop. Having placed a temporary barricade before the broken pane and having sent for the glazier to mend it, Hagar sat down to consider what was to be done relative to the theft.

Assuredly Prime would return at the end of the week to redeem the jade god, and Hagar did not know what excuse to make for its loss. Without doubt, Yu-ying had followed Nat to the shop on the previous day and had ascertained the fact of the pawning. He had watched his opportunity to steal the god, as he evidently preferred this illegitimate way to buying it in a proper manner. Probably Yu-ying, with the astuteness of the Chinese character, guessed that Hagar could not and would not sell it; hence his raid on the shop window. However, the idol was gone and Hagar judged it wise to advise Nat Prime immediately of the loss. It might be that he knew the whereabouts of Yu-ying and could tax him with the theft. Thinking this the best course to adopt under the circumstances, Hagar wrote to Prime at the address he had given her. Then she prepared to receive him and to make the best of a bad business. In her letter she made no mention of the theft.

It was two days before Prime appeared in person to answer her note, and he explained his negligence by stating that he had been down at Brighton to interview a friend. Then he asked to see the jade idol, to assure himself that it was safe. When Hagar told him of its loss and of Yu-ying's exploit his rage was frightful. He swore volubly for ten minutes, and such was his command of bad language that he scarcely repeated himself in delivering a string of oaths. In his subsequent conversation it may be as well to omit these flowers of speech.

"I knew that blamed Chinaman had followed me," he said, when somewhat calmer; "if y' mind, miss, I went to look if the coast wor clear. He must ha' sneaked round the corner, I guess. Cuss all Celestials, say I!"

"I am sorry the idol is gone, Mr. Prime"——

"Now, miss, don't 'ee say another word. How was a young gal like you to best a chinky? Why, Yu-ying 'd have the teeth out of yer 'ead afore ye cud say knife!"

"Still, I am to blame," persisted Hagar. "I should not have put the jade god in the window."

"Winder or no winder, it 'ud have been jest the same," returned Nat, gloomily; "if Yu-ying hadn't got the god so easily, he'd have burgled the shop to get it. Aye, miss, and have cut your throat into the bargain!"

"Why does he want this idol so particularly?"

"Fur the same reason as I do. Fifty thousand pounds is the reason!"

"Fifty thousand pounds!" echoed Hagar, drawing back. "The idol isn't worth that."

"Not in itself, miss; but it kin git that cash. I reckoned to have it myself, and chuck deep sea sailing; but now I opines that blamed John Chinaman's scooped the pool."

"Why don't you look up Yu-ying and tax him with the theft?"

"He'd on'y lie, miss, and as fur looking him up, I guess he's made himself mighty scarce by this time. But I'll go on the trail, anyhow. Good day t' you, miss, and don't you put trust in them Chinese devils."

After which speech Nat rolled away with a philosophical air, leaving Hagar very regretful for having contributed to the loss of the idol by her negligence and perverse folly. All the same, she did not believe the statement about the £50,000. Yet, as she might have argued, but did not, Nat had told the truth concerning the desire of Yu-ying to possess the idol; so why should he not have spoken truly concerning the money? And, after all, Hagar knew no details likely to confirm the tale. On consideration she dismissed Nat and Yu-ying and the jade Kwan-tai from her thoughts and considered that she had purchased a new experience at the cost of thirty shillings.

In the mean time Nat was seated in the taproom of the Nelson, down the docks way, with a pipe in his mouth and a tankard of beer before him. For several days he had sat thus, alone, waiting—as would appear from his expectant attitude—for some visitor. Four days after the loss of the idol he was no longer by himself, for in a chair near him sat a dried-up, alert man, clothed in black, with bright eyes and a keen expression. This individual was a gentleman—a doctor—and the visitor expected by Nat Prime.

"If ye'd on'y come a week ago I'd not have pawned the idol," said Nat, in a gloomy tone; "an' the blamed thing wouldn't have been lost."

"Yes, yes; I see, I see. But why did you pawn it?" asked the doctor fretfully.

"Why," said Prime, dryly, "'cause I didn't want my throat cut by Yu-ying. As long as I carried that idol on me my life wasn't worth a red cent!"

"How did Yu-ying learn the value of the idol?"

"He was a priest in the war god's temple, I reckon. I've seed him do joss-pigeon a dozen times, and when he kim on board the Havelock as steward I guessed as he was arter the idol. But I slept with one eye open," added Nat, triumphantly, "an' I guess he didn't beat me till I put Kwan-tai into that blamed pop-shop!"

"But I don't see how he gained a knowledge of the iron box in London," persisted the doctor, irritably, "or learned about Poe's treasure."

(To Be Continued.)